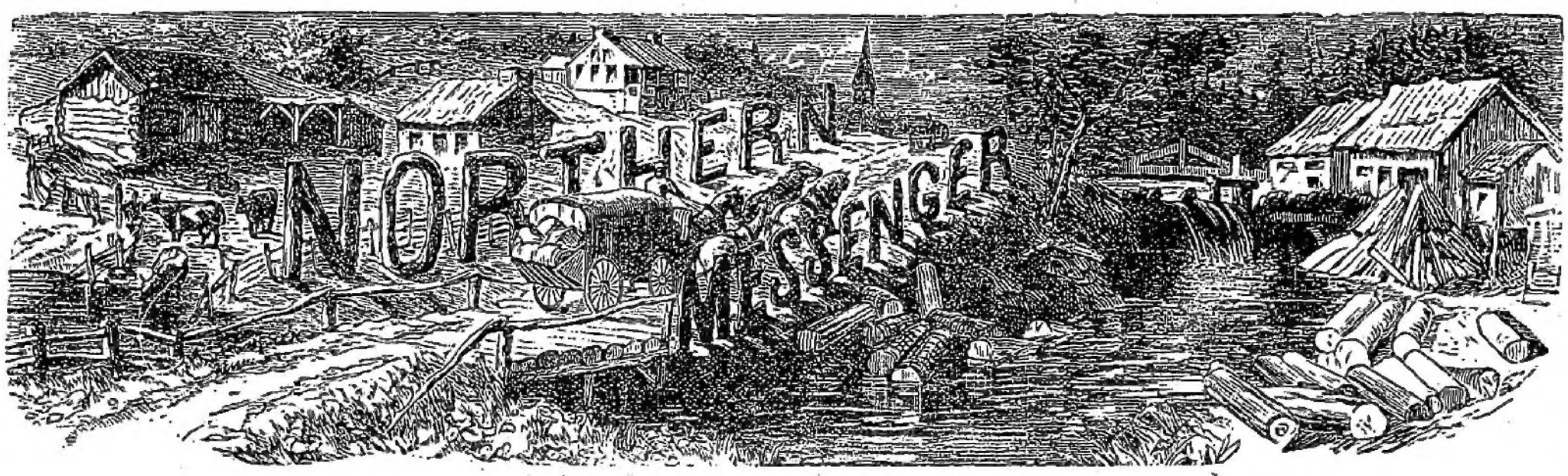

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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QUEEN'S PRISONERS—OFF TO BOW STREET.

LITTLE LONDON WAIFS.

One of the newest and most successful of English philanthropical institutions is the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The picture, "The Queen's Prisoners," drawn by the *Graphic* artist from life, is of one of the daily scenes at its shelter door. The three little folks in it are law-breakers. They were taken up by the police under the Vagrancy Act for begging, and brought before the Bow street magistrate, by whom they were remanded for a week to the Society's care. Such cases are all now sent to it, for it to find out who is the really guilty party; the children are obeying somebody. The youngest is a very pretty child; she had learnt to say, "If you please, give me some money, mother is starving." "God bless your pretty face," people said, and gave to her. The two right-hand figures are sisters who made eight or ten shillings per day. Yet were they starved to make their prettiness pathetic enough to catch the people who went by. The woman who had them, watched them, placing herself at a distance, and conveyed what they got, as they got it, to a public-house, to others with whom she went. They are now off back again to Bow street, where the woman was sent to prison. They have since then gone to the Princess Mary's Home. The child on the left was restored to her mother, who was not punished "this time." Through the new orders of the Chief Commissioner of Police this Society now deals with all little begging children. "The Baby Room" gives a view of another of the many departments of the Society's work. The four children are from a baby farm; with three others, they were taken from a twelve-feet square room. They were found almost absolutely naked, blue with cold, and famine-stricken, and their frail lives were insured. Money had been paid down with them for good and all; they were not wanted, and ought not to have been born. Their death would be an advantage to everybody concerned, so, in this wretched den, sitting in their own filth, they were left slowly to die. They are seen now after seven months' careful nursing. The Society traces these "farmers" through their advertisements by specially adapted agencies of its own. In this case the "farmer" was sent to prison for two years, and her husband for one. When brought to the shelters the children's little legs, say those who saw them, hung from them like the cotton legs of dolls—one had curved spine, one bronchitis, and all were mere, shrivelled, skin-covered skeletons. One of the seven could not be recovered; it died. Two have been suitably adopted, and the others are now sufficiently recovered to be placed in homes.

THE BABY ROOM—FOUR INSURED CHILDREN, AFTER SEVEN MONTHS' CARE.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work of this young Society may be gained from the fact that in its brief but vigorous existence, it has sent 200 torturers of children to prison for periods varying from one month to fifteen years' penal servitude; having spent in the doing of it, and in necessary detective work, between £8,000 and £9,000. It is now extending its work to the nation, and needs £10,000 a year. The best-known of the names connected with it is that of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, its founder and director. Its office (at which these pictures were taken) is 7 Harpur street, Bloomsbury, W. C. It is this Society which is promoting the Bill for the Better Prevention of Cruelty to Children (the title has since been altered to the "Better Protection of Children") now before the House of Lords.

RIVALRY OF DEATH.

A writer says: We spent some days in Peoria, Ill., the whiskey metropolis of the world. We had a good opportunity to study the bloody business in its hideous aspects. Here human beings vie one with another breeding plagues and torments and rival each other in multiplying the misfortunes of humanity. One of the leading citizens of this rum sodden city said to us that his only or highest ambition was to erect the biggest distillery on earth and make more whiskey than any other man in the world. He said his greatest anxiety was to get men enough to drink his whiskey; that he would have his own way in spite of God and humanity, and outstrip every rival in the rum business if he could, and then, in a dying hour jump the fence into eternity. That is the class of fiends this infernal traffic produces, who flood the earth with ruin and blood. They have no conscience. This man has built two of the largest distilleries on earth. One of these vast breathing holes of hell here is capable of rotting 10,000 bushels of grain in a day. The foreman of the distillery said he got 20 quarts of whiskey from a bushel of grain. This would figure over 1,587 barrels in a day if the concern was run at full capacity. Some idea of the extent to which these distilleries deal out destruction may be found in the fact that the revenue tax from this precinct upon whiskey this year is $18,400,000.—*Domestic Journal.*

THE SIZE OF HEAVEN.

Of course the following is only guessing, but it is harmless, and will interest some young readers. The clipping is credited to the *Atlanta Constitution.* "The twenty-first chapter of Revelation gives the measurement. The most interesting calculation on the subject is that of Capt. J. B. Sharkley, a measurer of vessels in the Boston Custom House. He takes the statement in Revelation 21, and figures it out thus: 'And he measured the city with the reed 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height are equal.' Twelve thousand furlongs—7,920,000 feet cubed—497,793,088,000,000,000,000 feet. Reserving one-half of this space for the throne and court of Heaven, and one-half of the remainder for streets, we have 124,198,273,000,000,000,000 rooms. We will suppose the world did, and always will, contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 61½ years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 1,000,000 years, or 10,000 centuries, 29,700,000,000 inhabitants. Now, suppose there are 100 worlds like this, equal in the number of inhabitants and duration of years, a total of 2,970,000,000,000,000 persons, there would be more than 100 rooms, 16 feet square, for each and every person."

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

Seemingly it was only a little thing for that young lady on her way to meet her own class, to stop in a lane and speak to a group of rowdy-looking boys about playing games on the Lord's day, and then to invite them to go with her to the Sunday-school. "Not very likely to succeed, either," say the timid ones; but it did, at least in part, and see what came of it.

One of the lads was Amos Sutton, then about twelve years old, and later the honored and beloved missionary of Orissa. I give the story as related by himself to a lady, a fellow voyager to Calcutta, as he was nearing the close of his long and useful life. His early home was London, where both his parents died before he was old enough to remember their faces or their love for their only child. His first recollections of himself were of a homeless wanderer, without friends or visible means of support, of lawless habits and reckless daring, so notorious, even on the streets of London, for his utter disregard of "the powers that be," that there was scarcely a policeman who did not know of his misdemeanors, nor one sufficiently adroit to detect him in their commission. One Sunday morning, while playing a game of pitch and toss, with two or three companions as lawless as himself, they were accosted by a lady—a young seamstress, wholly dependent upon her needle for support, but "rich in faith and good works." She was on her way to Sunday-school, and ever on the alert for opportunities to serve the Master she loved, and to win the lost and perishing to his fold, and stopped and spoke to the boys. Then with a bright smile, said how glad she was to meet them, but truly sorry that they should forget the sanctity of the Lord's day, or do anything to grieve the dear Saviour who loved them so much as to die to save them from sin and suffering. At first the boys treated the whole affair as a joke and mockingly asked each other how it would seem for "Pudding Lane boys to wear clean pinafores and join in singing psalms?"

Still the lady argued, and presently Amos began to relent, and finally offered to compromise. He would go to Sunday-school, if, at its close, the lady would give him a shilling to play at "pitch and toss." Vainly the young teacher tried to make other terms—it was no use. The boy was resolute, and turned to leave with his companions. Seeing that she could get his ear in no other way, Miss E—— said to Amos, "I will give you a shilling, but promise me you will not use it at all to-day;" and earnestly did she lift her heart to God that the boy might be so touched by the Divine Spirit, as from that hour to give up his evil ways, never to return to them.

The next Sunday morning she found Amos awaiting her at the same spot where she had first accosted him, and again she purchased his attendance at Sunday-school, but this time by the bestowal of some pretty Scripture cards, and it was not until the third Sunday that he could be induced to sit in Miss E——'s class and take part in the lessons. From that day there was steady improvement; the boy learned rapidly, and soon began to evince a desire to rise above his miserable past, and to earn a living by honest industry instead of vagrancy. He regularly attended both church and Sunday-school, and before a year had expired, was hopefully converted and numbered among God's people. Assisted largely by the efforts and influence of the young seamstress, he acquired a liberal education, studied theology, was ordained to the work of the ministry, and entered in the vigor of young manhood, upon the noble missionary career that was so blessed and owned of God in Orissa.

The details of the public life of this beloved missionary are too well known to need repetition here; while of the hundreds—perhaps thousands of precious souls converted through his instrumentality, we shall know fully only in the great day when "the books shall be opened" and "the work of every man made manifest, of what sort it is."

There is yet another chapter of Dr. Sutton's life work, besides what he accomplished in Orissa. After more than a score of years in India, he was seeking health in England, his native clime, where he wrote the hymn:

"Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above!"

After a short rest in England, the intense longing of Mrs. Sutton to visit the place of her birth, brought them to Boston, and while there Dr. Sutton was invited to attend the Triennial Convention at its meeting in 1835.

So earnest were his pleadings before that body for the ten millions of Telugus, among whom was not one single missionary to tell them of Jesus, that the Board decided to occupy the field at once; and so was begun the most famous mission of modern times, called by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, after his recent visit, "the crowning glory of modern missions," and numbering now more than thirty thousand converts!

Was it a little thing done for Jesus and this cause, by that humble, unknown Christian woman, when she led the wayward boy into her class in Sunday-school, and followed him up, from day to day, with her prayers and guidance and help. If so, how has "the little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation?" It is "the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes!" What grand encouragement to work diligently, with such ability as he shall bestow, that at his coming, we may hear from him the words, "Well done!"
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 3.

DAVID'S REBELLIOUS SON.—2 Sam, 15: 1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Ex. 10: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

A foolish son is the calamity of his father.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 13: 23-30.
T. 2 Sam. 14: 1-21.
W. 2 Sam. 14: 25-33.
Th. 2 Sam. 15: 1-23.
F. 2 Sam. 15: 24-37.
Sa. Psalm 41: 1-13.
Su. Psalm 55: 1-23.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *After this:* Absalom's reconciliation to his father. *Chariots and horses:* like a great prince, to show his kingly spirit, and to attract attention to himself. 2. *Rose up early:* in warm oriental countries public business is transacted early. *Beside the way:* to meet people on the way to the law court. *The gate:* the open space before the gate was the place of public business and courts of justice. *A controversy:* a suit, v. 4. 3. *No man deputed of the king:* the king could not do all, and had not appointed enough deputies. It is probable, from Ps. 41: 8, that he was sick at the time. 6. *Absalom stole the hearts:* it was indeed stealing, for they belonged to his father. 7. *After forty years:* this should read *four years.* 8. *Geshur:* a region south of Damascus, and east of the Sea of Galilee. Absalom's mother was the daughter of its king. 9. *Went to Hebron:* the old capital, and Absalom's birthplace. 10. *Sound of the trumpet:* probably arranged on hilltops, so that the signal could quickly spread over the whole country. For his wisdom see 2 Sam. 16: 23. 12. *Gilonite:* belonging to Giloh, a town south or south-west of Hebron.

SUBJECT: THE DISOBEDIENT AND UNGRATEFUL SON.

QUESTIONS.

I. ABSALOM, THE UNGRATEFUL SON.—Where was Absalom born? (3: 3, 5.) Who was his mother? May his heathen mother account in part for Absalom's bad training? What was Absalom's appearance? (14: 25, 26.) What crime did he commit against his elder brother? (13: 28, 29.) Where did he then go? (13: 37.) How long did he remain there? (13: 38.) What effect would his dwelling so long in a heathen land have upon him? Why did it not affect his father David so unfavorably, when he fled from Saul? What were David's feeling toward him? (13: 39.) How was Absalom brought back to Jerusalem? (14: 1-23.) How long was he there before he saw his father? (14: 28.) Did Absalom have many good influences about him? Could he have been a good and noble young man had he so chosen? What evils do you find in his character? Was he very ungrateful? What was the old law about disobedient children? (Deut. 21: 18, 21; 27: 16; Matt. 15: 4.) What is said about them in Proverbs? (10: 1; 17: 21, 25; 30: 17.) Are such children a bitter sorrow to their parents? Was David partly to blame? (Prov. 22: 6.)

II. PLOTTING AGAINST HIS OWN FATHER (vs. 1-6). What did Absalom do after he was restored to favor? What was his object? What plans did he pursue to gain the favor of the people? Was there any neglect on David's part? Probably David was in ill health. See Ps. 41: 8, written about this time. Was Absalom hypocritical? What powers of attracting men did he have? Might they have been put to noble use? Are we responsible for the good use of such power as beauty, wealth, attractiveness, can give?

III. OPEN REBELLION (vs. 7-12).—How long did Absalom continue his insinuating course? Where did he propose to set up his kingdom? Why did he haste to do this while his father was alive? He was the oldest living son, and hence the heir, but he feared that Solomon would be appointed king instead of him. (1 Kings 1: 13.) Besides, his father was sick and might die, and was not in a condition to resist so actively as usual. What were Absalom's plans to get possession of the kingdom? Who was his counsellor? What is said of his wisdom? (16: 23.) Were these plans temporarily successful? Was Absalom the best person to rule over such a kingdom? Which of the commandments did he break, as revealed in this story of his life?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—How should children treat their parents? (Eph. 6: 1-3; Col. 3: 20.) What exhortation did Paul give to a young man he loved? (1 Tim. 4: 12; 2 Tim. 2: 22.) What does the apostle John say to them? (1 John 2: 13, 14, 28.) How should we treat our Heavenly Father? Is rebellion against him as ungrateful as it is wicked?

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 10.

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR ABSALOM.—2 Sam. 18: 18-33.

COMMIT VERSES 32-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.—Prov. 17: 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of the transgressor is hard.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 15: 14-37.
T. 2 Sam. 16: 1-23.
W. 2 Sam. 17: 1-29.
Th. 2 Sam. 18: 1-33.
F. Ps. 3: 1-8.
Sa. Ps. 4: 1-8.
Su. Ps. 42 and 43.

PSALMS.

It is supposed that Ps. 3 was composed in the morning, and Ps. 4 in the afternoon, of the day David crossed the Jordan in his retreat from Jerusalem. Ps. 42 and 43 belong to David's exile; and 55, 69, and 109 seem to be against Ahithophel, David's bosom friend and counsellor, who deserted him in this hour of trouble.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Absalom was hasting to Jerusalem with an army. David was unprepared, and knew not whom to trust. He, his family, and his personal guard of 600 soldiers retreated across the Kedron, over the Mount of Olives, to the fords of Jordan. Soon after, they crossed the Jordan, and made a stand at Mahanaim. Absalom followed. A battle was fought. Absalom's army was defeated and he was caught in a forked branch of an oak, and slain by Joab. This was against David's command, but necessary for the kingdom. 19. *Zadok:* the high priest. *Let me now run:* so that he could tell the good news, and break the bad news gently to David. 21. *Cushi:* the Cushite or Ethiopian. 23. *By the way of the plain:* a longer, circuitous, but level route, while Cushi ran over the hills. 24. *Between the two gates:* the inner and the outer gates. 25. *If he be alone, etc.:* this would show that he was a trained runner; while if many were running, it would prove that there had been a defeat. 29. *And Ahimaaz answered:* he did not tell the truth (v. 20), but tried to prepare David for the sad news. 33. *O my son Absalom:* he loved his son, wayward as he was. The loss was hopeless, and David felt that he himself was partly to blame for not training him better.

SUBJECT: THE DISOBEDIENT SON: SOWING THE WIND AND REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

QUESTIONS.

I. TEMPORARY SUCCESS.—Why did David leave Jerusalem? (15: 14.) Where did he go? (15: 23, 30.) Who went with him? (15: 18.) Describe some of the incidents by the way. Where did they encamp? (Compare 16: 14 with 17: 22.) Who took possession of the capital? (16: 15.) What did Ahithophel advise Absalom to do? (17: 1-3.) Was this wise advice? (16: 23.) Why did not Absalom follow this advice? What did he propose to do? (17: 11-14.) What did Ahithophel do when he learned that his advice was not followed? (17: 23.) Why? He foresaw that Absalom would certainly fail, and he himself be executed as a traitor. What did David do when he learned Ahithophel's plans? (17: 21, 22.) Where did he establish his head-quarters? Who brought him aid? (17: 17-29.)

II. THE DECISIVE BATTLE.—Where did Absalom encamp? (17: 26.) Where did the battle take place? (18: 6.) Where was David at the time? (18: 4.) What do we know of Absalom's army? (17: 11; 18: 7.) What was the result of the battle? (18: 7, 8.)

III. THE DEATH OF ABSALOM (vs. 18-32).—What happened to Absalom? (18: 9.) What charge had David most earnestly given to his army? (18: 5.) Who killed Absalom? Was this really for the good of the kingdom? Is it often good for a country when bad men of influence are taken away? How long had Absalom been king? Was his life a success or a failure? What were the causes of his failure? For what word-picture of Solomon might he have been the original? (Prov. 1: 23-32.) Of what Scripture warnings is he an illustration? (Deut. 32: 35; Prov. 13: 15; Hos. 8: 7.) Where did David wait for news from the battle-field? How was the news of Absalom's death carried to David? Why would not Joab let Ahimaaz go at first? By what means did Ahimaaz get ahead of Cushi? What was the first question David asked of both the messengers? Should we ask this about all young men? What are their special dangers? What do they need in order to be safe?

IV. DAVID'S GRIEF OVER HIS SON (v. 33).—How did David receive the news of the victory? What were the chief reasons for David's excessive grief? Can anything be more sad than the loss of a child with no hope in his death? How does David's sorrow for the rebellious Absalom illustrate God's love for sinners? What does God say about this? (Ezek. 33: 11.) What will be the result if we rebel against him as Absalom did against his father?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter.)

1. Oct. 6. The tribes united under David 2 Sam. 5: 1-12.
2. Oct. 13. The Ark brought to Zion. 2 Sam. 6: 1-12.
3. Oct. 20. David's Thanksgiving Prayer. 2 Sam. 7: 18-29.
4. Oct. 27. Sin, Forgiveness, and Peace. Ps. 32: 1-11.
5. **Nov. 3. David's Rebellious Son. 2 Sam. 15: 1-12.**
6. **Nov. 10. David's Grief for Absalom. 2 Sam. 18: 18-33.**
7. Nov. 17. David's Last Words. 2 Sam. 23: 1-7.
8. Nov. 24. Solomon's Wise Choice. 1 Kings 3: 5-15.
9. Dec. 1. The Temple dedicated. 1 Kings 8: 54-63.
10. Dec. 8. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 1 Kings 10: 1-13.
11. Dec. 15. Solomon's Fall. 1 Kings 11: 4-13.
12. Dec. 22. Close of Solomon's Reign. 1 Kings 11: 26-43.
13. Dec. 29. Review and Temperance. Prov. 23: 29-35.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

BY HARRIET N. AUSTIN.

A neighbor of mine accustomed to the occupancy of a spacious chamber handsomely and lavishly furnished with every convenience, and having great windows looking out on beautiful scenery, under change of circumstances found it desirable to settle down in a little 8½ by 8½ feet feet chamber, snugged close up under the roof, the slope taking in nearly half the ceiling, and the one window looking to the north upon a view not the most pleasing. Resolved to make the best of the situation she set herself at once to make the place as comfortable, convenient, cheery and homelike as might be, and at as small outlay as practicable.

A pretty cotton and wool ingrain carpet was chosen. A 30-inch wide cot frame with a good wire mattress made up a most satisfactory bed. This stands under the sloping ceiling. Against the wall at the foot, reaching from the corner to the door, a wardrobe was improvised, 4 feet wide, and so narrow as to leave room to step between it and the bed. The top is a shelf 5 ft. from the floor and 9 inches wide, of soft wood stained and varnished. It holds books and various things. Double, or two-pronged, ceiling hooks are set in a row, 6 inches apart along the middle of the shelf underneath, thus taking a row of garments back and a row in front. Curtains of pretty muslin print, shirred with a heading at the top and tacked along the edge of the shelf, protect the clothing. A similarly constructed wardrobe occupies the 2 ft. space back of the door and the shelf runs 2 ft. along the wall, which joins here at right angles. It is rounded at the free corner and is cut away somewhat to allow the door to swing well back and still is wide enough to hold good-sized boxes, etc. This corner cupboard has double hooks screwed into wooden strips fastened to the wall.

A pine table 3½ feet long and 20 inches wide, with a good drawer and a waste paper basket underneath, affords accommodation for quite an extensive correspondence. An adjunct to this is a snug little travelling trunk, its trays and compartments taking in files of letters, packages of papers, account books, etc.

One other essential piece of furniture, a bureau-washstand, finds wall room. Above it a 2 ft. long mirror rests on a narrow shelf which is ornamented with its brass candlestick, fancy match safe, and pretty toilet articles. Another small shelf holds a reliable clock.

A carved walnut wall-basket and several wall pockets are hung at convenient points, as are two or three pincushions, and yet there is wall space for a few good, if small, pictures, and mottoes, calendars and various articles of use. Tacked on the lower half of the door is a contrivance made of calico and crimson braid with numerous pockets for holding shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, dust cloths, brushes, strings, etc. Several boxes, closely covered, find a place under the bed.

To the window frame at one side is fastened a plant bracket, with arms, which holds four pots, for certain plants will flourish in a north window. The window curtain is like the wardrobe drapery and is hung on a brass rod 6 inches from the top of the panes, thus freely admitting air when closed. As the window fixtures worked very unsatisfactorily, my friend learned on inquiry of the Pullman sash balance, price $1.50 per window—a simple invention for taking the place of the weight and pulley window fixtures and which can be readily fitted to any ordinary window. Thus she has a cheap luxury. Another is a register cut through into the well-warmed sitting room below. Two chairs and a hassock complete the furnishings and are suggestive of an agreeable tete-a-tete.

Beyond and above the said roof is seen a near thicket where in springtime the sweet notes of wild wood birds mingle with the more familiar strains of the bluebird and song sparrow. The ragged, rocky hillside above, which meets the sky within a third of a mile, gives pasturage to picturesque herds of cows, and the village children wander there gathering trailing arbutus and blueberries, each in their season. Into the window the early morning sun looks as it nears its northern limit, and always the full moon pours its rising glory in, and the blue, star-studded sky is seen bending above.

Am I too minute in details? My hope is to make this account suggestively useful to many of my readers. Sometimes we fail to make the best of what we have because of dissatisfaction that we have not more. Often we might add to the convenience and attractiveness of our surroundings by a little study of the situation. One of the best thoughts put into practice now in the education of children is that boys and girls alike should be trained, to an extent, in the use of simple tools without reference to what their work in life is to be.

Some housekeepers are thoughtful to make things pleasant and handy in their living rooms while their spare rooms are bare of comforts. A few hooks on the wall, an extra tumbler on the washstand, and an unoccupied drawer would often go farther to make a guest feel at home than any quantity of fine linen can do. It is not that we need much but we need tact and deftness in appropriating what is within our reach, or may be readily obtained.

HINTS.

Here are a few reliable hints, that may prove helps. In boiling corn beef, let the water it was cooked in stand until next day in a cool place, when a solid cake of fat will be found on the top. With a skimmer take it off, put in a pan in the oven, and when it ceases to splutter, the water will be found cooked off, and a bowl of dripping left that, for many uses, will be found as good as butter, and far superior to lard. Put a teaspoonful of it in a pan, chop an onion fine and fry in it for three minutes, stirring constantly to prevent coloring, then add it to the skimmed corn beef water; grate a large carrot, add two good sized tomatoes peeled and chopped fine, and a small cup of rice. Boil all together for an hour, stirring occasionally and you will have a good soup. It will probably be salt enough. Serve with the vegetables left in, or strain if liked better. If there is not enough corn beef water to make three quarts, add cold water to it. When all done there should be about three pints.

For growing children nothing can be better than Boston brown bread: Take two cupfuls of rye meal (not flour), three cupfuls of yellow granulated Indian meal and one cupful of flour, mix all well together with a teaspoonful salt. Then add a cupful of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water and a quart of cold water. Butter a tin pudding bag, and boil it five hours. It is cheap and delicious. If rye meal is out of season it can be made with Graham flour with good results. The cup used is the ordinary half pint coffee cup. If not possessed of a tin pudding bag, grease a cake pan with a tube in the middle, fill it two-thirds full and put a pan a size larger over the top to keep the steam out, and set it in a potato steamer over a pot of boiling water, and let it steam there five hours.

Here is a good way to use up a ham bone after cutting off all that will slice: With a sharp knife take off the lean and fat left that can only be cut in little chunks, and put in a chopping bowl, if possible have as much fat as lean, chop very fine, then pound with a potato masher and press it hard into a bowl. It will turn out solid, and makes a sightly dish for the eye, as well as pleasant to the taste. What is agreeable to the eye in food, is very apt to tickle the palate. The bone can be put over the fire in three quarts of cold water, to which is added a quart of dried split peas, (that have been soaked over night in cold water and drained,) a few slices of onion and carrot. Boil slowly until reduced to two quarts, then strain through a colander, mashing the peas well through; season with salt and pepper to taste, serve hot with or without croutons, which are small squares of stale bread fried brown in a little dripping.

One of my family says: "My greatest pleasure in seeing a boiled ham is thinking of the pea soup I know will always follow." If a couple of tablespoonfuls are left from the potted ham, which, by the way, makes good sandwiches for the children's lunch basket, use in this way. Break a couple of large eggs or three small ones in a buttered pan, with a half cupful of milk, add the ham and scramble together, until the custard is well set, then double omelet fashion and a nice breakfast dish is ready. Every thing can be used to the last crumb, if one is not afraid of trouble, and like the joiner we dovetail one in the other so as to make all fit.—*Good Housekeeping.*

TANNING AT HOME.

Occasionally on a farm a sheep meets with a fatal accident, and the pelt may be of use for various purposes at home provided a proper method of tanning or preparing the same is known. Sheepskins, especially lambskins, of the long-woolled breeds, make ornamental mats that are suitable for the parlor. The following method will be found practical, producing perfectly satisfactory results in the hands of a novice: Tan in alum dissolved in water—proportion, one pound of alum to each gallon of water; wash the wool clean first with soap and water, then immerse in alum and water and let remain until sufficiently tanned. To color, use aniline of any shade you desire. Dissolve one pound aniline in two gallons of water; strain before using; then float skins in a dye box, wool down. See that they lie flat, and let remain till the color or shade you desire comes, then take out and run through cold water and hang up in a hot room to dry. For plain white, wash the skins well after tanning as described above. If not white enough hang up in a small room and bleach with powdered sulphur set in a pail in centre of room burning. Be careful to have no escape of sulphur fumes and have the room air-tight.

FEELING HURRIED.

Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world every thing is to be accomplished; when every interruption is received impatiently, and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past, then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out by crowding two days' tasks in one. If only we can keep cool and calm, not allowing ourselves to be flustered, we shall be less wearied when we have reached the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive, but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul and of demeanor we shall get through everything creditably.—*Exchange.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Salt and water cleanse willow furniture. Apply with a brush, scrub well, and dry thoroughly.

Wash the mica of the stove-doors with salt and vinegar.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

Wash pantry shelves with lime water made by pouring water on a small piece of quick-lime and allowing the sediment to settle.

Salt sprinkled on any substance burning on the stove will stop the smoke and smell. Salt thrown upon coals blazing from the fat of broiling chops or ham will cause the blaze to subside.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessert-spoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

To clean porcelain saucepans, fill them half full of hot water and put in the water a tablespoonful of powdered borax and let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, scour well with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick-room are excellent deodorizers.

RECIPES.

BAKED OMELETTE.—Boil a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of butter and one of salt, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour, rub smooth in cold water and pour upon it seven or eight well-beaten eggs. Bake in a quick oven.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Rub four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour with two of butter and four of grated cheese, add one egg and season with salt and cayenne pepper; roll very thin, cut into narrow strips three inches long, and bake a pale brown in a hot oven; they can be molded into fancy shapes if desired.

SALLY LUNN.—This is good for both breakfast and tea. A pint of sweet milk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a teaspoonful salt, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Mix all well together and bake in a buttered pan in a quick oven. Use hot.

TO BROIL OYSTERS.—Select the finest and largest oysters for this mode of cooking. Lay them on a cloth to drain dry, and let them stand so for a few hours. Sprinkle them with pepper, but no salt. Have ready a clear fire, over which to place the gridiron. Put the oysters on it with a very little butter, and cook until they are done and dry, but not burned.

HAM AND EGG LOAF.—Chop remnants of cold boiled ham, two cupfuls after it is chopped. Add an equal portion of rolled or crushed cracker and one egg, well beaten, one teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, and one tablespoonful of melted butter, and a little salt. Mix well, and pack it into a round baking powder box, or empty spice box, and bake half an hour. When cold, turn it out and it can be sliced for the table.

BRICK OF POTTED BEEF.—Three and a half pounds lean beef chopped fine, four crackers rolled, three eggs, well beaten, tablespoonful salt, teaspoonful pepper. Use thyme or other herb. Mix well and mould into a brick. Cover with bits of salt pork and bread crumbs. Put a coffee cup of water in the pan and baste often. Bake one hour.

A PEAR COMPOTE.—Wipe, but do not peel the pears; steam them until they are tender, take them from the steamer, put them in a pudding dish, add enough water to almost but not quite cover them, and a cupful of sugar to a quart of pears. Set them in the oven for from fifteen to twenty minutes. Quinces are also nice served in this way, only they should be peeled and cut in halves.

TOMATO PILAU.—Boil a pint of rice well done. Then express the juice from a quart of ripe tomatoes by passing them through a sieve. Rub them until thoroughly mashed and the juice has passed through, freed from pulp, skin, and seed. Add this to the rice, with some small pieces of boiled ham that have been cut into bits an inch square. Boil all together until the rice is of a rich yellow color, and serve very hot.

GOLDEN CUSTARDS.—One pint of boiling milk, one half pint of steamed (or stewed) and strained squash or pumpkin, four eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon (or, instead, a very little nutmeg, two or three drops of rose water, or the rind and juice of one lemon are a pleasant flavoring), and a piece of fresh butter the size of a small egg. Steam the squash, press through a sieve, and squeeze dry; stir in the sugar, salt, and flavorings; pour over the hot milk; add one cupful of thick cream. Pour into cups and steam, or bake (covered) in the oven in a pan of warm water until firm in the centre. When cold, turn out, and arrange thus: In the centre of the dish a low glass oval or a platter; arrange cheese straws log-cabin fashion, and place the custards in a circle around them. Or bake narrow strips of paste, one inch wide and four inches long; brush them with white of egg, dredge with powdered sugar, bake a pale yellow, and use as directed above. If preferred to serve the custards in the cups, place on each a circle of paste baked as above, and upon it a pile a spoonful of whipped cream, sweetened and tinted yellow with a little yolk of egg.

PUZZLES.—No. 21.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A woman whom Peter raised from the dead. 2. The mother of a prophet. 3. A judge of Israel. 4. A very old man. 5. A son of David. 6. A king of Israel.

The initials form the name of a disciple.

CHORIE OLIVER.

SQUARE

1. Made to go. 2. Always. 3. A wicked emperor. 4. A city taken by the Romans.

CHORIE OLIVER.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The city built by Omri.
2. One of two Midianite princes that was slain by the men of Ephraim.
3. Brother of Mary and her sister Martha.
4. The last. The end.
5. Saul's daughter, David's wife.
6. One of the towns built by the sons of Elpael.
7. A prophet on whom was "the burden of Nineveh."

The initials form the name of the wisest man, and the finals the name of the most beautiful man spoken of in Scripture.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

DIAMOND.

My first is in music. My second is a term in the same. My third need a mother's care. My fourth is a type of heaven. My fifth is promptness. My sixth is a pen for animals. My seventh is a consonant.

S. MOORE.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers have been received from Wallace J. Godley, R. H. Jenkins, Sammie T. Thompson, Alexander McEwen, Chorie Oliver. All are invited to contribute puzzles and answers to this department. Good squares and anagrams are in demand.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 20.

ENIGMA.—The *Witness.*

GOSPEL ENIGMA No. 1.—"Flee from idolatry." 1 Cor. 10: 14.

PI.—
Dare to be right,
Dare to be true.
The failings of others
Will never help you.

CHARADE.—Mush-room, mushroom.

GOSPEL ENIGMA No. 2.—"Abide in my love." John 15: 10.

The Family Circle.

LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.

Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white!
The hungry city children are comin' here to-night;
The children from the city, with features pinched and spare,
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted air.

They come from out the dungeons where they with want were chained;
From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained.
From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the light;
Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the daisies made for the heart's behoof;
They never heard the rain drops upon a cottage roof;
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze:
They never rambled wild an' free beneath the forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by other's greeds;
The very air their lungs ha' breathed was full o' poison seeds,
The very air their souls ha' breathed was full o' wrong and spite;
Go set the table, Mary dear, and let the cloth be white!

The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smiled at them;
They never picked a wild-flower from off its dewy stem;
They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass
Unless they heeded well the sign that says "Keep off the grass."

God bless the men an' women of noble brain an' heart
Who go down in the folk-swamps an' take the children's part.
These hungry, cheery children that keep us in their debt,
And never fail to give us more of pleasure than they get!

Set well the table, Mary; let naught be scant or small—
The little ones are coming here; have plenty for them all.
There's nothing we should furnish except the very best
To those that Jesus looked upon an' called to him an' blessed.

—*Will Carleton.*

A LITTLE DRESS-MAKER.

BY MAUDE RITTENHOUSE.

"There now, that's just as stylish and pretty as it can be!" and Amy Warner gazed complacently into the rosy face reflected in her mirror. "How æsthetic you will look, Mistress Amy! That green is delicious, and the quaint style is as becoming as it can be!"

"Mistress Amy," being often alone in her pretty room, had gotten into a habit of carrying on extended conversations with herself, and the sunny day, the becoming gown (tried on for the last time to receive its finishing touches), and her delight in its prettiness, made the conversation longer and more rapid than usual.

"When I think," she chattered to the Amy in the glass, "of the gowns I used to wear,—that awful blue thing with the baggy basque, and that striped red and brown with the ugly, bunchy drapery"—and the sentence ended with an amused laugh, full of little exclamation points.

"That was before I learned to make my own clothes; but now, isn't it trim and pretty, doesn't it set well, and isn't it a very type of simplicity and quaintness? So glad I haven't an ugly, squeezed-up waist! How it would look in this! Now I must remember to keep the velvet tucked up high at the back of the neck, and the point of the corsage straight. To carry out the idea of the cut, I ought to walk rather languidly, and use a dark fan and an old-time vinaigrette. Now I'll lay it away, till evening, and run and help mamma with Johnnie's shirt-waists."

"Amy, you are invaluable," Mrs. Warner said, watching the young girl's flying fingers a few minutes later, as they deftly handled the new shirt-waists; and yet, pleased as she felt over the timely aid, something that was not pleasure brought the worried little wrinkles to her forehead, before the afternoon was done. She had never noticed before how much Amy talked of dress. Could it be absorbing as much of her thought as it seemed to be? Amy had never been vain, of that she felt sure, for Amy, though bright and sweet and sensible, was not pretty, as everybody knew,—none better than Amy herself.

"Do you remember, dear, two years ago how you wriggled about when Miss Spriggs tried to fit your dresses, how you disliked it, and how you amused us by wishing that people could be 'born with feathers like birds'"?

Amy laughed merrily. "Why, I was thinking of it only to-day," she said, "and some of the frightful-looking things I used to wear. You were not to blame, dear. You couldn't have been expected to plan for so big a girl as I; and poor Miss Spriggs! I don't wonder she never got anything to fit. What a guy I must have looked!"

"I don't know," Mrs. Warner commented, thoughtfully, "it never seemed so to me. I don't think people ever noticed your clothes much. You always looked happy and bright, and—and healthy."

"Healthy!" laughed Amy. "Oh, you dear funny mamma! You mean that I was exuberantly energetic and busy, don't you? Well, people have to be healthy to keep up that sort of thing very long, sure enough. I guess I was rather a tornado with all the plans I tried to work out, and all the studies I had on hand. And in that red and brown—oh dear!" and Amy laughed again at the thought of it.

Little Mrs. Warner felt a flush upon her cheek. It puzzled her, this new something in Amy. With a view to talking of other things she asked, hastily, "Has Wallace learned his new song yet? Papa is very anxious to hear him sing it."

"Really, mamma, I haven't had a minute to try it with him. You know last night I was busy as could be, fixing the shirred piece for the front of my new gown, and the night before, I was hard at work on the button-holes. If Wallace were only out of school we could practise in the daytime."

Mrs. Warner sighed the faintest little sigh, but added, cheerfully, "Oh, well, that Tarantelle of yours will make up to papa for the other until it can be learned."

Amy looked rather guilty, though she said nothing. Papa wouldn't ask her to play that night, for they were all going to the concert; perhaps before another evening, she could practise the Tarantelle, as she hadn't for a week. "There now, mamma, the last stitch is done! We'll just have time to brush up for tea," and Amy sped along the hall to her own room. They had very early teas at Elmwood, and as soon as the family had assembled in the library, Wallace cried, "Can't we have a chapter of Zig-zag Journeys now?"

"Oh dear, no! I must run up and dress for the concert."

"Why, it's only half past-six. You used to dress in half an hour."

"Dressing wasn't a fine art then!" Amy retorted, laughingly. "If you know how many little bits it takes to make my harmony in green—" and already she was up the stairs.

"Seems to me Amy don't have time for nothin' any more," Roger declared, disgustedly. "She used to pump up with me in the swing, and read stories to Johnnie and me, and play tunes for us, and now she's just always a fixin' somethin' or hurryin' to get dressed."

Amy, meanwhile, in her room, was practising just the movement of her fan which seemed best to correspond with the "languid drapery" of the green gown.

It was the Mendelssohn Quintette Club they were to hear, and Amy knew that "everybody" would be there. She hoped that Mrs. Krum, who was just back from New York, would notice how she had improved; she could even fancy her saying, "Why, Amy Warner is growing almost pretty!" She wondered if that overdressed Nell Ward wouldn't feel half-ashamed when brought into contrast with "this simple, charming thing." She hoped that Lincoln Dale, who was coming for her, would appreciate it,—and then she started and listened. A great pattering rain-drop had hit the window-pane, two, three! Amy shaded her eyes and stared out into the darkness, dismayed.

"Oh dear! Absolutely pouring, and this green spots. I can't wear it! What shall I do? My brown's too shabby, my black silk too nice, and if I wear the terra-cotta some of those girls will think I haven't had anything new for a year. Besides, I haven't a hat that comes near matching it." Then a bright idea occurred to her. "My old cashmere! I might wear a black lace jabot down the front of it, do my hair in a Psyche knot, and carry mamma's black lace fan. I'll make it look pretty yet."

And it did look pretty, she thought, until she settled comfortably into the good seat Lincoln had secured her, and saw, just before her, Nell Ward in a dress that was "not her own taste, certainly," being particularly tasteful and pretty. Amy lost the first two numbers trying to discover how the odd drapery was attached at the shoulder, and just what the new fashion was in which Nell had dressed her hair.

Going home over moist walks and under clear skies, Wallace and Lincoln and music-loving papa discussed with delight the different beautiful selections they had heard. Amy said little. It was strange how the change in her dress had spoiled her evening's pleasure.

"Never mind, I'll wear it to-morrow night, to Kit Brown's 'Conversazione,'" she thought, and still planning for that, and wondering whether she should wear pink roses or white snow-drops over the green, she fell asleep.

"Amy isn't pretty," her brothers had often commented, "but, oh my, how she can talk!" And, truth to tell, when the merry tongue chattered and the brown eyes danced, her friends often forgot how inclined to plainness her round face was.

But alas for the merry tongue and the dancing eyes at Kit Brown's "Conversazione!" There was nothing piquant about that green gown; it was plain, severe and flowing, and Amy knew better than to ruin its effect by liveliness of manner. Conscious all the evening that she was thoroughly "correct" and looking her best, she yet wondered why she went home feeling blank and dull and dissatisfied.

The sight of the sweeping green gown in the mirror brought a burst of tears.

"I never looked so well, and I never had such a miserable time," she cried. "Everybody else had a jolly evening, even Minnie Beck, in that dowdy old gray-and-brown plaid." And then some new train of thought caused Mistress Amy to sit bolt upright and stare very fixedly at nothing, finally, with an odd laugh, clapping one quick hand over her mouth.

"'If thou hast thought evil, lay thy hand upon thy mouth,'" she said. "Dear me! I have been evil-thinking all the time, and I hardly knew it. I thought it wonderfully clever and good to make my own clothes and do my own planning; and to think that I did not see that I was growing vain as vain could be, and actually feeling a contemptuous pity for dear old Minnie and good little Sue! I deserved to have a miserable time! Self-absorbed, ridiculous creature! Did I think of a thing beside how my folds fell, how that velvet set, and how superior in general my array, compared with—the brown-and-gray plaid, for instance? I suppose Minnie hardly knew what she wore. She spent the evening entertaining one and another with bright, interesting bits that did them all good, I know, while I—I couldn't talk at all, really, for fear it wouldn't be 'in keeping.' What a fool I was, and how glad I am that I've the sense to be sorry. God gave me a dose of particular dulness just to open my wicked eyes, and I honestly believe that I've learned the lesson he meant to teach. How could I think sensible, helpful things when my mind was just a cramped little quarter, through which stylish collars, elegant sleeves, and empire gowns went trooping? Now I mean to try to remember that good old quotation from St. Ephraim, 'Think of good, that you may avoid thinking of evil,' and I'll add to it, 'And do a little honest, serious, profitable living, to avoid the snare of frills and draperies and little affections.'"

It was two weeks later that Mrs. Warner said, rather shyly, to Amy, "Do you know, dear, I had an unreasonable little worry about you, not long ago?"

"About me, mamma?" Amy asked; but before any more could be said, Roger's brown head appeared in the doorway.

"Say, sis, papa says he can't get enough of that Tarantelle, and Wallace wants to sing, too. Come down."

"All right, small boy, in a minute. But, mamma," and the clear voice grew suddenly earnest, "I know what you mean, and indeed I hope there'll be no cause for worrying any more. I was as blind as a bat, until, all in a minute, God opened my eyes before a very new kind of mirror. After this, when I fit my new gowns, I mean to think more of another sort of fitness,—the fitness of heart and of soul."

"Now that's the kind of dressmaker I love." Mrs. Warner said, impulsively, watching her daughter out of sight; and a moment later, listening with a glow of pride to the tripping notes of that well-learned Tarantelle, she repeated, emphatically, "the very kind of dressmaker I love!"—*Golden Rule.*

PEOPLE WHO DON'T ENJOY PICNICS.

The woods, the rocks, the beach, the hammock in the garden, seem natural and delightful places in summer. Yet, scattered among the happy groups which frequent them, the observer can always discover a certain number of persons who appear to be out-of-doors under protest, so little can they accommodate themselves to their surroundings.

They do not recline against mossy banks, on account of the dampness. They never lean back against trees, because of pitch, or gum, or spiders, or black ants. They do not like walking on the sand, because it gets into their shoes; nor on rocks, because those hurt their feet; nor along ferny brooks, for fear of snakes.

They will not venture into a field where browse the gentlest of mild-eyed Jerseys, lest they should be tossed. The most fragrant and roomy of ancient barns can win them no further than its threshold. Within, they would be in terror of horses that might kick; above, of concealed pitchforks in the hay.

They enjoy picnics miserably, sitting bolt upright on folded shawls and carefully examining each article of food offered them to see that nothing has got into it which does not belong there. Occasionally they will discard a cookie, upon which, perhaps, a bit of lichen has fallen, with an air of conspicuous stealthiness suggestive to the other guests of untold horrors—caterpillars at least, or something else not less crawly.

If they go upon the water, they are either sea-sick or plaintively expecting to be so. If they climb a hill, they pant and stumble, and are sure they shall never reach the top without a sprained ankle or a broken leg. Once up, they cannot enjoy the panorama, because they are wondering if coming down won't be even worse. Having descended in safety, they sniff at the raptures of the others and disparage the view they did not really see.

Nor does the weather ever suit them. A sunny day is too hot, a breezy one too chilly. A great white cloud looming in the sky, radiant with golden light, is a "thunderhead;" a silvery haze is a "sea-turn," laden with neuralgia. A thunder-storm makes them feel faint. A sprinkle that dampens the shoulders means catarrh; mist floating across a pond, malaria and typhoid fever; a wet foot, pneumonia.

Indigestion is the only disease they do not appear to dread, since they will feast upon pickles and cocoa-nut pie, lobster and ice-cream with refreshing fearlessness. This may be, however, the cause of that "touch of headache," which impels them after supper to lean languidly against somebody's shoulder and look pale, while the rest are clearing up after the feast.

What the Awful Bore is to society indoors, this band of the Great Uncomfortable are to festivity in the open air. They are contented with no occasion until it is over—then they are ready to praise with the utmost animation the scene, the day, the dinner, the conversation, the company, and to lament that no other picnic of the season is likely to turn out half so well!—*Ex.*

"The Echis is more agressive than the majority of its kind."

A CHAT ABOUT INDIAN SNAKES.

BY ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S.

There is no country in the world which has a greater variety of snakes than India, and none, I suppose, which can show such a high rate of mortality from "snake-bites." The latest official returns record that no less than 22,134 people were killed by snakes in one year in that country!

This enormous mortality is largely owing to the fact that the natives go about barefooted, or with useless sandals, by night as well as by day, in the jungle as well as in the town; and that they walk so quietly that the snakes have no opportunity to retreat. Then the prevalence of serpent-worship must be reckoned, as also the belief of the native in the worthless drugs and charms which form the stock-in-trade of the Hindu quack. Finally, a number of suspicious deaths are returned as from "snake-bites."

The snakes of India may be divided into three classes: the harmless and the venomous colubrine snakes, and the viperine snakes, also venomous. Of the first class—the harmless—the chief families are the "blind snakes," which rarely appear above ground; the "grovelling snakes," which live under stones and trees, in nooks and crannies; and the large family of colubride, which may be taken as the type of the ordinary harmless snake. These are named in accordance with their predominating characteristics, as "ground," "agile," "bush," etc. There are also families of river-snakes, tree-snakes and sand-snakes.

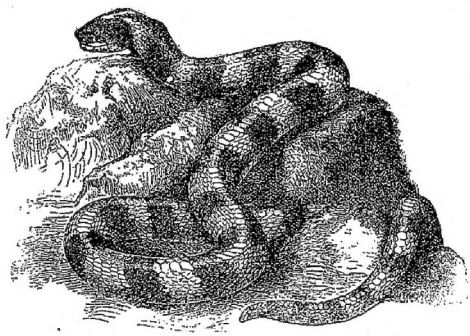
The largest and chief of the harmless—*i.e.*, the non-venomous snakes, are the pythons. They have a tremendous girth, and are very powerful. A python only nine feet long would be over a foot in girth, and as some grow to twenty feet in length, and increase in girth proportionately, it can be readily imagined what monsters they are. Roughly speaking, the python is brown in color, with longitudinal buff stripes running along the back. The head is brown, and enclosed as it were by a buff or yellow V. The colors are rich and bright.

The second class consists of venomous colubrine snakes, and may be divided into two families—land-snakes and sea-snakes. In both families the poison fang is of a similar nature; but the tail of the sea-snakes is compressed into a paddle. The nature of the poison fang should be borne in mind in order to keep this class clear from the viperine snakes. The coluber has for a fang what is practically a perforated tooth, which is short and nearly immovable; while that of the viper is long, curved, and capable of erection. Of the colubrine land-snakes, the naja or cobra is best known and most dreaded. This has been named by the Portuguese "Di Capello," owing to the broad expansion of the neck, which we call its "hood." The next important genus is the hamadryad, which is also hooded, and which is called by the natives *sankerchor*, *i.e.*, breaker of shells. It is the largest and most important of venomous snakes, frequently exceeding twelve feet in length. The third most important snake is the Bungarus caruleus, or *karait*, as the natives call it. The *karait* is, next to the cobra, the most destructive snake in India. This is the more curious as its virus is not so deadly as some others. It grows to about four feet, but is usually found about half that length. It penetrates to the inner rooms of houses, into the bath-rooms, under the mats, and the book-cases, and indeed everywhere, even under your pillow! It is called cerulean, from its bluish-black back, and "white-arched" from the white streaks which arch over its back.

In form, the water-snakes are somewhat different. They not only have paddle-tipped tails, but a well-defined *keel* running along the under part. They rarely exceed seven feet in length. Living as they do in the water, we find they are protected from their foes by assimilation to their environment—their color being generally buff or dirty white, barred and crossed with a dull blue.

Of the viperine snakes, there are the crotalidæ, which embrace, by the way, the American rattlesnake, as well as the Australian poisonous snakes, and the viperidæ proper. The poison fang of the former genus is long, and, though capable of erection, has no special muscle for causing it; but the latter class is provided with a special erector muscle. The most common vipers are the chain-viper (genus daboia), and the echis carinata (genus echis), which is here illustrated. The echis is called by the natives of North India *afae*, which, like so many Hindustani words, is of Arabic origin. It is smaller than the daboia, and perhaps not quite so deadly. As, however, it has been known to kill a fowl in two minutes, it would seem, from the victim's point of view, I doubt not, quite sufficiently deadly. The echis is fiercer and more aggressive than the majority of its kind. Averaging twenty inches in length, and three inches in greatest girth, it darts along with incredible speed, leaping nearly its own length when striking. Though it does not hiss, it produces a sound very like hissing by making a double coil, and keeping its folds in constant motion. Brownish-black in color, it has a pair of oblong brown spots, edged with black, on the crown of the head, and which are apparent in the illustration. In Western India, the echis is considered to be the most destructive of reptiles. It will not avoid the path of man, and it strikes instantly it can. Its expression is universally admitted to be the most malignant, and its eye the most vicious of all snakes.

"There's a snake in the house!"



"The Karait is, next to the Cobra, the most destructive snake in India."

Another fruitful source of bites arises from the practice of the natives of sleeping either on the bare ground, or on low *charpoys*—rough beds made of coarse twine, and standing only a few inches above the ground. In the dead of night, a snake glides in and coils itself perhaps round one of the posts, and then a sudden movement on the part of the sleeper will easily frighten it into a self-defensive attack.

When the *semm*, or poison of the fang, has had time to paralyse the nerves, the case is almost hopeless. Immediate treatment is imperative. As an instance of this, I may mention how a friend of mine, who held a high position in India, cured several people of venomous snake-bites. Englishmen are much looked up to by the natives as "medicine men," and in the picture of the police sepoy receiving treatment at the hands of a European, we see evidence of that fact.

My friend, finding that so many natives were being killed, caused a proclamation to be made in the locality, announcing that he would cure all cases of snake-bites, provided the sufferers came to him immediately they were bitten. Shortly afterwards a man was brought to him, bitten by a *karait*. He at once ordered up ten coolies, and made them take the man, two at a time, and run him right along the terrace outside his house, and in the full glare of the tropical sun. After a couple of turns, another two men came on, and so the treatment went on, for over two hours, till the unfortunate individual was nearly dead from exhaustion alone. But he had perspired all the poison out of him, or, at any rate, warded off the state of coma which is fatal on such occasions. I should add that my friend dosed the man immediately he arrived with a quantity of *eau de luce*, than which nothing is more effective. As he cured several people on subsequent occasions by similar treatment, there is a good deal to be said for the remedy.

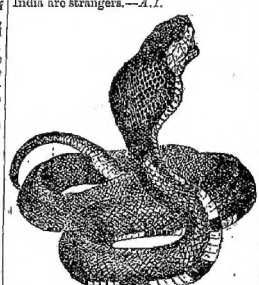
A large number of lives are lost from the fact that in hot weather snakes will come into houses and huts and coil themselves round the *gharras* and *sevais*—porous earthenware pots and bottles used for water—in order to cool themselves. When these *chattis* (vessels) are suddenly taken up, the snake is sure to bite. The native huts, being devoid of windows, are quite dark, and the risk is thereby greatly enhanced. On the other hand, Europeans have well-lighted rooms, and even at night never allow themselves to be in total darkness.

I know a lady who on going to the piano to play, frequently found a snake coiled round one of the legs. On one or two occasions this happened at a dinner-party, with a dozen or more people in the room. The snake no doubt retired to the piano to avoid observation, for it would be terrified at the least noise. In fact, if you only clap your hands loudly together immediately you see a snake, it will disappear.

Constant experiences with snakes render men and women marvellously cool and collected in dealing with them. I know of a lady who when breakfasting one morning in company with several friends, suddenly said, in a quiet voice to her servant, "Bring a saucer of milk directly." The servant did so, and immediately a deadly snake glided towards it. It had been coiled round the lady's ankle—no doubt to hide itself—and her wonderful presence of mind had alone saved her.

Native servants are, as a rule, fairly courageous when they discover a snake in the house. But they generally prefer to leave the slaughtering to the sahib, and the picture which we give of our countrymen being disturbed at dinner by the arrival of two servants, pushing their way through the *chik* or bamboo-mat hanging over the doorway, and announcing that "there's a snake in the house!" is very true, and represents a state of things to which few people who have lived much in India are strangers.—*A.I.*

A police sepoy bitten.



"The Naja or Cobra is the most dreaded."

"PATSY MINDING THE KENNETT BABY.

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER V.—I SEEK PATSY, AND MEET THE DUCHESS OF ANNA STREET.

"'Tis pride, rank pride and haughtiness of soul."

I made my way through the streets, drinking in the glorious air, breathing the perfume of the countless fruit stands and the fragrances that floated out from the open doors of the little flower stores in every block, till I left all that was pleasant behind me and turned into Anna street.

I soon found Number 32, a dirty, tumble-down, one-story hovel, the blinds tied together with selvedges of red flannel, and a rickety bell that gave a certain style to the door, though it had long ceased to ring.

A knock brought a black-haired, beetle-browed person to the window.

"Does Mrs. Kennett live here?"

"No, she don't. I live here."

"Oh! then you are not Mrs. Kennet?"

"Wall, I rather guess not!" This in a tone of such royal superiority and disdain that I saw in an instant I had mistaken blue blood for red.

"I must have been misinformed, then. This is Number 32?"

"Can't yer see it on the door?"

"Yes," meekly. "I thought perhaps Anna street had been numbered over."

"What made yer think Mis' Kennett lived here?"

"A little girl brought me her name written on a card,—Mrs. Kennett, 32 Anna street."

"There!" triumphantly, "I might 'a knowed that woman'd play some common trick like that! Now do you want ter know where Mis' Kennett re'ly does live? Wall, she lives in the rear! Her number's 32½, 'n I vow she gits more credit o' livin' in the front house 'n I do, 'n I pay four dollars more rent! Ever see her? I thought not! I guess 'f you had you wouldn't think of her livin' in a house like this!"

"Excuse me. I didn't expect to make any trouble"—

"Oh, I've nothin' agin you, but just let me ketch her puttin" on airs 'n pertendin' to live like her betters, that's all! She's done it before, but I couldn't never ketch her at it. The idee of her keepin' up a house like this!" and with a superb sniff like that of a battle-horse, she disappeared from the front window of her ancestral mansion and sought one at the back which might command a view of my meeting with her rival.

I slid meekly through a side gate, every picket of which was decorated with a small child, stumbled up a dark narrow passage, and found myself in a square sort of court out of which rose the rear houses so objectionable to my Duchess in the front row.

It was not plain sailing, by any means, owing to the collection of tin cans and bottles through which I had to pick my way, but I climbed some frail wooden steps, and stood at length on the landing of Number 32½.

The door was open, and there sat Patsy "minding" the Kennett baby, a dull little lump of humanity, whose brain registered impressions so slowly that it would play all day long with an old shoe without exhausting its possibilities.

Patsy himself was dirtier than ever, and much more sullen and gloomy. The traces of tears on his cheeks made my heart leap into my throat. "Oh, Patsy," I exclaimed, "I am so glad to find you! We expected you all day, and were afraid you weren't well."

Not a word of response.

"We have a chair all ready for you; it is standing right under one of the plant-shelves, and there are three roses in bloom to-day!"

Still not a word.

"And I had to tell the dog story without you!"

The effect of this simple statement was very different from what I had anticipated. I thought I know what a child was likely to do under every conceivable set of circumstances, but Patsy was destined to be more than once a revelation to me.

He dashed a book of colored advertisements that he held into the farthest corner of the room, threw himself on the floor at full length and beat it with his hands, while he burst into a passion of tears. "There! there!" he cried between his sobs, "I told 'em you'd tell it! I told 'em you'd tell it! I told 'em you'd—but oh, I thought maybe you wouldn't!" His wails brought Mrs. Kennett from a back piazza where she was washing.

"Are you the teacher o' the Kids Guards, 'm?"

"Yes." It did not strike me at the time, in my anxiety, what a sympathetic rendering of the German word this was; but we afterwards found that "Kindergarten" was thus translated in Anna street.

"Patsy couldn't go to-day, 'm, on account of him bein' no good boots, 'm, Jim not bein' paid off till Wednesday, 'n me bein' no notice he had no clean shirt, 'm, this not bein' his clean-shirt week, 'm. He takes it awful hard about that there story, 'm. I told him as how you'd be after tellin' another one next week, but it seems nothin' will comfort him."

"Ev'rybuddy's allers lyin' to me," he moaned; "there warn't another dog picture like that in the hull room!"

"Don't take no notice of him, 'm, an' he'll git over it; he's subjick to these spells of takin' on like. Set up, Pat, an' act decent! Tell the lady you'll come when you git your boots."

"Patsy, boy, stop crying a minute and listen to me," I said. "If Mrs. Kennett is willing, I have some things that will fit you; you shall come right back with me now,—all the children have gone,—and you and I will be alone with the sunshine and the birds and the fishes, as we were the other day, and I will tell you the dog story just as I told it to the other children this morning."

He got up slowly, rubbed his tattered sleeve across his wet cheek, and looked at me searchingly to see if I might be trusted; then he limped to the sink, treated his face and hands to a hasty but energetic scrub, seized his fragment of a hat, gave his brief trousers a hitch which had the air of being the last exquisite touch to a faultless toilet, and sat down on the landing to mend his twine shoe-lace.

"Who is your neighbor in Number 32, Mrs. Kennett?" I asked as I rose to go. "I went there to find you."

"Did you, indeed, 'm? Well, I hope she treated you civil, 'm, though it don't be much in her line. She's a Mis' Mooney, 'm. I know her, but she don't know me anny more sence she's rix in the wurrld. She moved out of this house whin I moved into it, but none of us ladies here is good enough for her to 'sociate with now, 'm! You see her husband was in the rag, sack, and bottle business, 'm, 'n a wealthy gintleman friend set him up in a fish-cart, an' it's kind of onsettled her, 'm! Some folks can't stan' prosperity. If 't had bin gradjoonl like, she might have took it more natcheral; but it come all of a suddent, an' she's that purse-proud now, 'm, that she'll be movin' up on Nob Hill of she don't hev no stroke o' bad luck to show 'er her place! Good day, 'm!"

I threaded my way through the tin cans and bottles again under the haughty eye of my Duchess of the fish-cart, and in a few minutes Patsy and I were again in Silver street.

When we entered the room he looked about with an expression of entire content. "It's all here!" he said with a sigh, as if he had feared to find it a dream.

The chair with its red cushion pleased him greatly: then, after a few moments' talk to make him feel a little at home, we drew up to the picture, and I took his cleanest hand in mine, and told him the story of Victor, the brave St. Bernard dog.

It was an experience never to be repeated and never to be forgotten!

As you sit at twilight in the "sweet safe corner of the household fire," the sound of the raindrops on the window-pane mingling with the laughing treble of childish voices in some distant room, you see certain pictures in the dying flame,—pictures unspeakably precious to every one who has lived, or loved, or suffered.

I have my memory-pictures, too; and from the fairest frame of all shines Patsy's radiant face as it looked into mine long ago when I told him the story of Victor.

(To be Continued.)

KWANG-SU.

The young emperor of China can scarcely be called happy in his exalted position.

The emperor is never alone, and, as we are told by a traveller, in "From Pekin to Calais by Land," there is always a retinue following him, to remind him what to do; to tell him, for example, at four o'clock, when he is enjoying his favorite pastime of fishing, that at four-fifteen he must take a walk, or go deer-hunting.

The emperor knows very little about the state of his capital, for, when he is taken to drive, enormous sums of money are spent, in advance, to prepare the city for his eyes. The streets are cleaned, rich silks and tapestries are hung upon the house walls, and every offensive object is carefully removed to a distance.

European residents are warned to remain within doors, as it is a point of Chinese custom that no man, European or native, may look upon the face of his august sovereign. The doors and windows of all the houses are accordingly closed, and the royal retinue moves slowly along through the deserted streets.

His studies consume about nine hours a day, and at one time, it was his constant pleasantry to beg his tutors to allow him a sight of their watches. No sooner were the articles produced than Kwang-Su dashed them upon the ground, and stamped on them, arguing that the tutors would not know, next day, at what time to come.

The Queen Regent, an ambitious and arbitrary woman, has succeeded in making the life of her nephew even more out-and-dried than that of most sovereigns, and one can scarcely wonder that Kwang-Su is subject to fits of passion, during which he declares that he will not be an emperor, but will escape from Pekin, if necessary, and work in the fields.

SHELLAC.

Shellac is a substance produced by a little insect called coccus lacca, and is deposited on the small branches of the Indian fig-tree, for the protection of its eggs. It discharges the gum from its own body, and forms it into cells, in each of which is placed an egg. When the eggs are hatched the young grub pierces through this substance which enclosed it, and flies away; and the material provided for a little insect's well-being becomes a valuable article of commerce. The lac is sold on the sticks, when it is called stick lac; but after it has been purified and formed into thin sheets or cakes, it is called shellac. Its color varies from orange to dark reddish brown, and has a shining lustre.

Before the discovery of the cochineal dye shellac was much used by the dyers of Prussia and Holland in forming their celebrated crimson dyes.

It is the principal ingredient in sealing wax, and varnish, and is employed in japanning. Its usefulness arises from its being fusible, soluble, and adhesive.

I love Thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art
Who first hast loved me.

—*St. Francois Xavier.*

"THE STORY OF VICTOR."

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER VI. — A LITTLE "HOODLUM'S" VIRTUE KINDLES AT THE TOUCH OF JOY.

"If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

The next morning when I reached the little tin shop on the corner,—a blessed trysting-place, forever sacred, where the children waited for me in sunshine, rain, wind, and storm, unless forbidden,—there on the step sat faithful Patsy, with a clean and shining morning face, all glowing with anticipation. How well I remember my poor lad's first day! Where should I seat him? There was an empty space beside little Mike Higgins, but Mike's character, obtained from a fond and candid parent, had been to the effect "that he was in heaven any time if he could jest lay a boy out flat!" And there was a place by Moses, but he was very much of a fop just then, owing to a new "second-hand" coat, and might make scathing allusions to Patsy's abbreviated swallow-tail.

But a pull at my skirt and a whisper from the boy decided me.

"Please can't I set aside o' you, Miss Kate?"

"But, Patsy, the fun of it is I never do sit."

"Why, I thought teachers never done nothin' but set!"

"You don't know much about little boys and girls, that's sure! Well, suppose you put your chair in front and close to me. Here is Maggie Bruce on one side. She is a real little Kindergarten mother, and will show you just how to do everything. Won't you, Maggie?"

We had our morning hymn and our familiar talk, in which we always "outlined the policy" of the new day; for the children were apt to be angelic and receptive at nine o'clock in the morning, the unwillingness of the spirit and weakness of the flesh seldom overtaking them till an hour or so later. It chanced to be a beautiful day, for Helen and I were both happy and well, our volunteer helpers were daily growing more zealous and efficient, and there was no tragedy in the immediate foreground.

In one of the morning songs, when Paulina went into the circle and threw good-morning kisses to the rest, she wafted a dozen of them to the ceiling, a proceeding I could not understand.

"Why did you throw so many of your kisses up in the air, dear?" I asked, as she ran back to my side.

"Them was good-mornings to Johnny Cass, so 't he wouldn't feel lonesome," she explained; and the tender bit of remembrance was followed out by the children for days afterward. Was it not enough to put us in a gentle humor?

Patsy was not equal to the marching when, later on, the Lilliputian army formed itself in line and kept step to the music of a lively tune, and he was far too shy on the first day to join in the play, though he watched the game of the Butterfly with intense interest from his nook by the piano.

After the tiny worm had wriggled itself realistically into a cocoon it went to sleep; and after a moment of dramatic silence, the little one chosen for the butterfly would separate herself from the still cocoon and fly about the circle, sipping mimic honey from the child-flowers.

To see Carlotty Griggs "being a butterfly," with utter intensity of joy and singleness of purpose, was a sight to be remembered. For Carlotty was a pickaninny about four years old, and blacker than ink! Her purple calico dress, pink apron, and twenty little woolly braids tied with bits of yellow ribbon made her the most tropical of butterflies; and the children, having a strong sense of color and hardly any sense of humor, were always entirely carried away by her antics.

Carlotty had huge feet,—indeed, Carlotty "toed in," for that matter; but her face shone with delight; her eyes glistened, and so did her teeth; and when she waved her ebony hands and flitted among the children, she did it as airily as any real butterfly that ever danced over a field of clover blossoms.

And if Patsy's joy was great in the play, it was greater still in the work that came afterward. When Helen gave him a scarlet and gold mat to weave, his fingers trembled with eagerness; and the expression of his face caused that impulsive young person to fly to my side and whisper, "Oh, why should one ever 'want to be an angel' when one can be a Kindergartner!"

From this time on, Patsy was the first to come in the morning and the last to leave at night. He took the whole institution under his guardianship, and had a watchful eye for everybody and everything belonging to it.

He soon learned the family history of every child in the school, and those family histories, I assure you, were of an exciting nature; but so great were Patsy's prudence and his idea of the proprieties that he never divulged his knowledge till we were alone. Then his tongue would be loosed, and he would break into his half-childlike, half-ancient and reflective conversation.

He had a stormy temper, which, however, he was fast learning to control, and he was not always kind and gentle with his little playfellows; for he had been raised in a hard school, and the giving and taking of blows was a natural matter, to him the only feasible manner of settling a misunderstanding.

His conduct to me, however, was touching in its devotion and perfect obedience; and from the first hour he was my poor little knight *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Meanwhile, though not perfect, he was greatly changed for the better. We had given him a neat little coat and trousers, his hair was short and smooth, and his great dark eyes shone with unutterable content. He was never joyous; born under a cloud, he had lived in its shadow, and sorrow too early borne had left its indelible impress, to be removed only by that "undisturbed vision of the Father's face, which is joy unutterable;" but for the first time in his life he was at peace.

The Duchess of Anna street had moved into a house a trifle better suited to her exalted station in life; one where the view was better, and the society worthy of a fish-peddler's family. Accordingly we transferred the Kennetts into Number 32, an honor which they took calmly at first, on account of the odor of fish that pervaded the apartments. The three or four year old Kennetts were now members of our flock, the dull baby was cared for daily by the Infant Shelter, and Mrs. Kennett went out washing; while her spouse upheld the cause of labor by attending sand-lot meetings in the afternoon and marching in the evening.

So, in the rainy winter afternoons, when the other children had gone, Patsy and I stayed together and arranged the next day's occupations. Slang was being gradually eliminated from his conversation; but it is no small task to correct nine years of bad grammar, and I never succeeded in doing it. Alas! the time was all too short.

It was Patsy who sorted the wools and threaded the needles, and set right the sewing-cards of the babies; and only the initiated can comprehend the labyrinthine maze into which an energetic three-year-old can transform a bit of sewing. It was he who fished the needles from the cracks in the floor, rubbed the blackboards, and scrubbed the slates, talking busily the while.

"Jiminy! (I take that back.) Miss Kate, we can't let Jimmy Buck have no more needles; he sows 'em thick as seed round his chair. Now, now jis' look yere! Ef that Battles chap hain't scratched the hull top of this table with a buzzer! I'd lam him good ef I was you, I would."

"Do you think our Kindergarten would be the pleasant place it is if I whipped little boys every day?"

"No-o-o! But there is times"—

"Yes, I know, Patsy, but I have never found them."

"Jim's stayin' out nights, this week," said he one day, "'nd I hez to stay along o' Mis' Kennett till nine o'clock."

"Why, I thought Jim always stayed at home in the evening."

"Yes, he allers used ter; but he's busy now lookin' up a girl, don't yer know."

"Looking up a girl! What do you mean, Patsy?"

Patsy scratched his head with the "ten-toothed comb of Nature,"—a habit which prevailed with terrible and suggestive frequency when I first came "into my kingdom,"—and answered:—

"Lookin' up a girl! Why, I s'posed yer knew that. I dunno 'zackly. Jim says all the fellers does. He says he hates to git the feed an' wash the dishes orfly, 'nd girls likes ter do it best of anything.

"Oh!" cried I, light bursting in upon my darkened intellect when dish-washing was mentioned; "he wants to get married!"

"Well, he has ter look up a girl first, don't yer s'pose, ?"

"Yes, of course; but I don't see how Jim can get money enough to take care of a wife. He only has thirty dollars a month."

"Well, he's goin' ter get a girl what'll 'go halveys,' don't yer know, and pay for her keep. He'd rather have a 'millinnary girl—they're the nicest; but if he can't, he's goin' to try for one out of the box factory."

"Oh, Patsy! I wish"—

"Why, didn't I ought ter say that?"

"I wish you had a mother, dear.'

"If I had, I'd know more'n I do now," and a great sigh heaved itself upward from beneath the blue jacket.

"No, you wouldn't know so much, Patsy, or at least you would get the right end first. Never mind, dear boy, you can't understand."

"Jim says Mis' Kennett 'nd I needn't set such store by you, 'cause the fust chance you gits you'll git married." (I always did have an elective antipathy for Jim.) "Shall yer, Miss Kate?"

"Why, dear, I think we are very happy as we are, don't you?"

"Yes, ef I could only stay f'rever, 'nd not go ter the reel school. Jim says I ought ter be gittin' book learnin' pretty soon."

"Did you tell him that Miss Helen was teaching you to read and write a little while every afternoon?"

"Yes, I told him. He liked it fust rate. Mis' Kennett said she'd let her children stay f'rever with yer, ef they never larned a thing, 'nd so would I, dear, dear Miss Kate! Oh, I bet God would like to see you in that pretty blue dress!" and he hung over me with a speechless caress; his first and last, indeed, for he was shy and reticent in emotion, and never once showed his affection in the presence of the other children.

(To be Continued.)

CARLOTTY GRIGGS "BEING A BUTTERFLY."

CORK.

Cork is the bark of a small evergreen oak which grows abundantly in Spain, Portugal, the south of France, and north of Africa. When the tree is from fifteen to twenty years old, a cut is made around the trunk, just below the branches, and another at the surface of the ground; several perpendicular incisions are then made from one to the other, and the cork removed by inserting a blunt instrument underneath it, care being taken not to injure the inner bark, which would kill the tree. This is done in July or August, and is repeated every eight or ten years as long as the tree lives, which is about one hundred and fifty years. When removed, the cork is slightly charred or scorched; this improves it by closing the pores, and enables it more easily to be flattened by pressure

It is light, compressible, elastic, impervious to liquids, opaque, porous, inflammable.

It is used for soles of shoes and boots, life-boats, jackets or life-preservers, floats for fishing nets, corks for bottles.

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

A school-girl misses a great deal of valuable education who hurries away to school, morning and afternoon, without having used her muscles in helping her mother. She misses something else, which, in a few years, she will know how to value better than she does now—grace of movement and carriage.

What makes a girl graceful? It is using all her bodily powers. A student who is nothing but a student soon begins to stoop, and the habit, once begun, grows inveterate and incurable. Half our school-girls cannot walk with ease and grace.

We see this very plainly on commencement days, when the members of the graduating class are obliged to walk a few steps before the audience. Their dress s are often too costly and splendid; their hair is beautifully arranged; their pieces are creditably written; one thing only they lack: they cannot walk!

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, a clear complexion and fine teeth, must work for them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house done with diligence and carefulness.

PATIENT WAITING on God, and importunate calling upon God, are not inconsistent.

THE LITTLE TEMPERANCE BOYS.

(An Exercise for Ten Little Boys.)

[This, if well rendered, is very taking. It commences by one boy reciting the first verse. As he takes up the last word he is joined by another little boy, who runs or walks very quickly to join him. Together they recite the second verse, and are quickly joined by another boy; the three take up the third verse. In this way the number of boys increases at each verse, *till at last* they number ten. They should be careful to speak boldly and in unison, and at the last two verses take hold of hands, forming a semicircle.]

One little temperance boy, to his work so true,
Pledged another little boy—then there were two.

Two little temperance boys, from bad habits free,
Got another boy to join them—then there were three.

Three little temperance boys, never drank nor swore,
Taught a boy he must not smoke—then there were four.

Four little temperance boys, to their work alive,
Helped another boy be good—then there were five.

Five little temperance boys, eyes so very bright,
Soon started number six on the road to right,

Six little temperance boys, looking up to heaven,
Cheered a playmate on the way—then there were seven.

Seven little temperance boys, all rum they hate,
Told a fellow of the wrong—then there were eight.

Eight little temperance boys, touch not, taste not wine,
Asked a schoolmate not to drink—then there were nine.

Nine little temperance boys learned the truth, and then
Told it to another boy—so there were ten.

Ten little temperance boys, working hand-in-hand
To drive strong drink away from our native land,

Ask you all to help them, work with all your might,
Never fear nor falter; God is with the right.

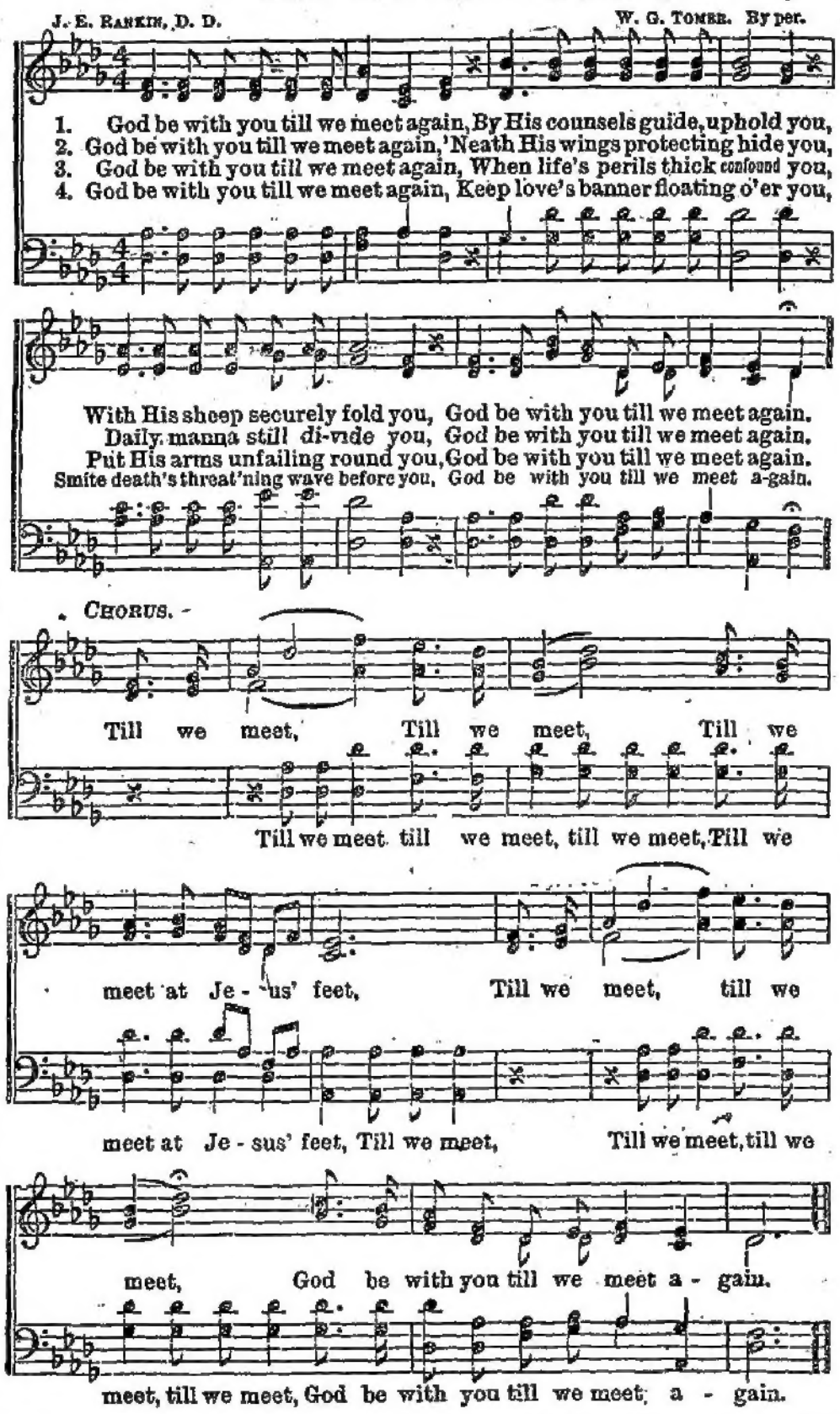
—*Ida M. Buxton, in Pansy.*

AN OLD MOTHER'S REMARKS TO KITTY.

Here we are, kitty, you and I all alone, you on your cushion, I in my armchair. Was your milk warm enough, and did you have all you wanted? I feel so kind of lonesome and down-hearted to-night that I want to know some other body is comfortable if I can. Oh, kitty, I could tell you some things that would surprise you, if only your ears were capable of taking in my speech, and your heart of understanding an old lady's plaint. It isn't quite right that I should sit here night after night with this lonely pain tugging at my heart, really, kitty, it is not quite right. But there! I don't think the children mean to be forgetful or unkind. You see, kitty, it is so natural for a mother to excuse the shortcomings of her children, that I cannot find it in my heart to entirely blame my boys that they let the time slip by as they do without writing, or running down to see their old mother. But truth is, when we grow old and unable to bustle about and fill up the hours with constant duties there is more time to brood over such things and to take them to heart, and I find it takes but little to please and but little to grieve the old. Very much like the children again, kitty, easily moved either to tears or to smile. My daughter is more thoughtful and writes as often as she can, but her home is so far West I can see her but seldom. I could not stay with her any length of time, for the house full of little folks would be too much for my weak nerves. My sons, however, are not so far removed, but they could easily snatch a day or two to run out to the old country home and say a few cheering words to me now and then. One of these days, kitty, the boys—I call them boys, although the last time I saw Tom he really had a few gray hairs, but one of these days, kitty, the boys will come out to the old place to lay their poor old mother away; then they'll get flowers as like as not and place in my withered old hands, and take great care that everything is done in a careful, tender way. I dare say they will stand over me and weep, saying, "poor mother, how much she did for us;" and, kitty, I'm afraid—I'm just a little bit afraid they'll say, "I wish somehow now that we had been a little more attentive to mother those last years of her life, perhaps she thought us neglectful, but we really never meant to be that." Oh no, kitty, I'm quite convinced the boys never meant to be otherwise than dutiful and kind. Philip asked in his last letter if there was anything he could do for me, and sent me money to get any little comfort or luxury I might like or enjoy. But, kitty, it is months since that letter reached me. I wouldn't tell anyone but you for the world. I couldn't, but it is actually months since my boy Philip has written to me, his own mother, although I told him plainly and lovingly the greatest thing he could do for me would be to write often and to come and see me whenever he possibly could. I'll tell you one thing, kitty, if you won't tell any one else in the world, not even little Kitty Hastings over the way you think so much of. And this is what hurts me most of all. I think my boys are so engrossed with their wives and children, they entirely forgot how longingly my mother heart yearns for a sight of them. They have good wives and I haven't a word to say against them, but women are sometimes very thoughtless about this matter, and without meaning to be selfish they seem to want to keep their husbands all to themselves and to just their own household. But they should remember that they in turn will grow old, their sons will take to themselves wives, then it may be the same old heart-trying story will repeat itself for them, the story of complete absorption in the home circle, to the forgetfulness of the mother who watched and tended them from infancy even to manhood's years. Yes, kitty, it hurts dreadfully that my sons could go out from their childhood's home and become neglectful of their own tender faithful mother. But years ago I learned to cast my care on One who careth for me, and I still find solace in this unfailing support.—*Christian at Work.*

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer. By per.



AND WHAT A CUSTOMER!

The man who estimates his fellows by the material and cut of their clothes is liable to make embarrassing mistakes. The following story, which may be true, is told by the Austrian papers, and is amusing society in Vienna:

A few weeks ago a man dressed in Tyrolese costume entered the shop of the principal barber in Innsbruck, sat down in a chair, and made a sign that he desired to be shaved.

The proprietor of the establishment is patronized by all the civic big-wigs of the place, and is naturally anxious to keep the circle of his customers select. Seeing, therefore, a rough-looking fellow, clad in the national joppe, reclining on the velvet plush that was sacred to local officials, he approached the daring intruder, and bluntly told him:

"We don't serve peasants here; this is a saloon for gentlemen."

The stranger rose, with a smile. "Very well," he said; "but oblige me, in case my adjutant should come in, by telling him that I have gone to be shaved by your rival across the street. I am the Archduke Joseph."

The archduke, who is commander-in-chief of the Hungarian landwehr, and who ought to be known pretty well by sight even in the Tyrol, then lifted his hat and departed.

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Two of our prize winners in our Prize Bible Competition write as follows:—

Dear Sirs,—Your letter of the 5th inst. informing me of the award to me of the second prize in the Bible Competition, was duly received, also the Bible in good condition.

I am much pleased with it; it is such a convenient size. I did not expect to find the maps in it, and the binding is much better than I had supposed it would be.

It was all the more acceptable as my old one, which had neither maps nor references, was quite worn out. Yours respectfully,

Lillian Newton.

Ottawa, Kansas, Sept. 13, 1889.

Dear Sir.—I received the prize which you sent me yesterday and am much pleased with it. I took much pleasure in the competition, and thank you very much for your valuable book. Yours sincerely

William Flook.

Ingersoll, Sept. 10, 1889.

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